

The healing Balsom

a true Lover.

*While Phillis seemed to be strange,
Her love was almost mad,*

*But when he found a cure
It made his heart full gl*

Tune of, Amoret and Phillis.



Phillis my wounded hearts delight
doth triumph o'er my soul,
When she is gone out of my sight.
I by my self condole,
No comfort then at all I find
When absent she's from me,
I chide the woods cause they'r unkind
and rail at every tree.

I wander through the shady woods
thinking my love to find,
I threaten then the flying floods
and quarrel with each wind.
The Lark that do so early rise
I ask'd if her she see,
But nothing she to me replies
but makes a song of me.



My passion she doth strangely
laughs at what I endure
And straight I leade my way
in hopes to find a cure.
Quite through the plains
like one bereft of wit,
And as unto my self I tal
I fall into a fit.

Strange sights methinks
which trouble me full
If once I could again get
I ne'r would love her
But there's no hopes for
my liberty to gain,
Nor e're to get out of this
poor love sick helples

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m of

and a suddain change,
is full glad.



strangely mock
I endure,
my wantying flock
cure.
plaines I rudely walk
with,
if I talk

thinks I then do see
e full sore,
in get free
de her more,
es forme at all
in,
of this thall
pleas swain.

y and T. Passenger.

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You happy shepherds that are free
pray keep so if you can,
And take a pattern now by me
a poore distressed man.

Love is a base and cruel cheat
and robbes men of their rest,
Compoll'd of nothing but deceit
while free men they are blest.

Phillis was false yet seemed kind
and caught me in a snare,
Now she bewrays her faithless mind
I mourn beneath despair.

O Cupid thou deceitful boy
let loose a helpless swain.
Deprived of his bliss and joy
and tost in Seas of pain.

Cease, Cease my dear do not complain
blame not blind Cupids dart,
For I will ease thee of thy pain
and ease thy love sick heart.
What love did cause thee to endure
I grieve to think thereon,
You art the man I'll thee assure
that I do dote upon.

To thee I seemed strange because
I'de have thee fond of me,
And teach thee tricks in Cupids lawes
I thought were strange to thee.

But now I find thou dost acquaint
thy self with such like things.
I can't endure to hear complaint
thou shalt taste of loves springs.

The Balsom of my lips I'll lay
upon my bleeding wound,
Shall cause thy pain to pass away
and shalt soon be found.

Come take a kiss from thy dear heart
my love I can't express,
And when thou feel'st no more of smart
count it a happiness.

How many lovers have been lost
wanting a salve like mine,
And in the world been strangely cross'd
yet by the power divine.

I'm sent to heal thy bleeding breast
and ease thee of thy sore,
For which I hope I shall be blest
and happy evermore.